

VOL.
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woodwind

WOODWIND

AN
ARTS
PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

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JANUARY 16, 1973

WE WANT
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IN THIS ISSUE:
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
Indian Artist Fritz Scholder
FIRST TIME IN PRINT!!!
What Ever Happened to Weasel?



Woodwind

WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

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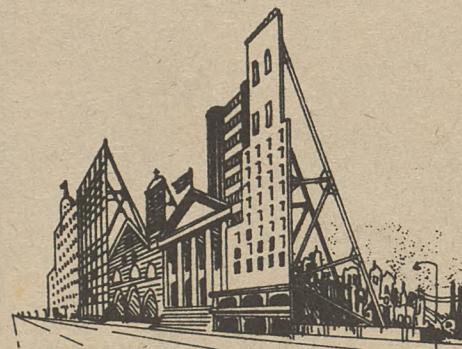
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no. 2 communities - housing

Red Painters, White Patrons

By KIRK CHEYFITZ

It is an accepted American paradox that the majority members of our society learn about the suffering of the minorities through spokesmen who, for the most part, have raised themselves up to the peaks of what this culture considers success. We are told about the merciless rules of poverty and hopelessness by the exceptions to those rules.

Bill Cosby, whose net worth — according to the late LIFE magazine — is more than 10 million dollars, chats on network TV about the tragedy of life in the ghetto. Sammy Davis, Jr. takes a break from taping a Christmas special to tell Johnny Carson how tough it was when he was a kid.

Starting back in the '60's and continuing to the present, Buffy St.-Marie has been telling audiences of 5 or 6,000 paying customers how impossible it is for American Indians to find adequate education or jobs or any real place in society.

Meanwhile, back home in front of the RCA color set, John D. Whiteman, a highschool graduate and a moderately well-paid, extremely hard-working bricklayer, stares in disbelief at the ranks of the glittering multi-millionaire minority members troop across the tube. He takes a sip of beer, shifts uncomfortably in his chair and asks his wife whether she thinks Sammy would be satisfied with \$50,000 a week in Vegas.

Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman are having an insoluble dialogue inside their heads. They are saying: "Either Sammy and Bill and Buffy are right, there is no opportunity for minority people in this country, or they are wrong. If they're right, then they can't really be there on TV telling us all this; they never would have had the opportunity. If they're wrong, why are they on TV telling us all this?" It's kind of like Abbie Hoffman being quoted in every major newspaper and TV news broadcast as having said that there is no freedom of speech in America. It sounds like it might be right but somehow it doesn't ring true. Usually this circular interior dialogue is interrupted only when either Mr. Whiteman or Mrs. Whiteman boils over and yells at the television, "Whaddaya mean?" I call this the WHADDAYA MEAN SYNDROME.

Success is almost impossible to transcend. Success is the great discreditor.

There used to be a saying among left-leaning radicals that "Once they put you on the cover of TIME it's all over." Success, they say, is society's way of co-opting the extremely dangerous. It is the safe cage at the end of the American rainbow, an enclosure reserved solely for those individuals who by virtue of great energy, extreme rage, and/or immense talent or intellect can fight their way into it. Once the struggle is over and they can at last command the attention of the entire nation to listen to them, to hear their stories of mass injustice or rampant despair, the American system wraps them tightly in a blanket of wealth and fame and the result is as effective as a straight-jacket and a gag (only, of course, much more comfortable and less apt to incite anyone else to political action).

It takes a rare person to "make it" in America. It takes a rare person to transcend the disadvantages of ghetto birth or reservation training and "make it." But it seems to take an even rarer person to transcend the softer trap of millions in the bank and the world at his feet and remain vitally in touch with the mass of the people and retain their credibility. Because success is a trap we all yearn for, it remains a most potent barrier to the meaningful communication of rage.

Last week I went to hear Fritz Scholder address a luncheon meeting of the Women's National Democratic Club at the club's headquarters (affectionately referred to as the "Clubhouse") here in Washington.

Scholder is an immensely successful contemporary painter. At the age of 35 he has achieved an international reputation. He is represented in New York by the ultra-prestigious Cordier and Eckstrom Gallery; his paintings are part of the permanent collections of both the Museum of Modern Art (New York) and the National Collection (Smithsonian, here).

Besides being an artist, Scholder is also part American Indian (Luiseno or California Mission tribe), and because of this and because he has devoted the last 5 or 6 years to a brilliant series of canvases portraying the past and current condition of the American Indian, he has become labelled as "America's foremost Indian painter." With credentials as both an artist and an Indian, Scholder came to the Women's Democratic Club to speak on "Red Painters, White Patrons."

I was drawn to hear Scholder deliver his talk on "Red Painters, White Patrons" because his paintings, which I have only viewed in reproduction in his book *SCHOLDER/INDIANS*, a compilation of the best work from his ongoing series of Indian themes, are powerful works. They are not the hackneyed representations of the "noble savage" which pour out of the Southwest of this country to satisfy the tourists. Rather, they are technically sophisticated works which depict something that one intuitively recognizes as "the truth" about the Indian. This intuition, in my case, is affirmed by vivid memories of a year's residence in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where the Indian's status as a fourth class citizen, far behind the second class Spanish/Mexican Americans and the even more widely despised Eastern white hippies, is all too obvious. History teaches that art has little or no effect on political realities. But Scholder's paintings reach out and inflame, so perfectly do they convey a love for their subjects and a passion over those subjects' social condition.

So I attended the luncheon to see if Scholder himself might be as "politically effective" as his work. The title of the talk indicated that he might be and that he might have avoided both the success trap and the side effects of the WHADDAYA MEAN SYNDROME (not that either can be humanly avoided — they seem to be built-in qualities of the condition of succeeding).

After lunch (open to members of the

WNDC and their guests at a modest \$3 a head) had been hurriedly served and cleared, the formal proceedings began.

The Club president announced that no children would play Cowboys & Indians in 1973. She indicated that this was a blessing and introduced LaDonna Harris, the Indian wife of retiring Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma. LaDonna Harris, who is also the President of Americans for Indian Opportunity, rose to introduce the principal speaker. In the course of her remarks, which centered on this being a time of intense and hopeful political and artistic activity in the Indian community, she mentioned that Fritz Scholder's wife, a beautiful redhead named Ramona, had given up her nursing career shortly after her marriage to Scholder. Mrs. Harris quoted Ramona Scholder as having said, "... being married to Fritz Scholder is enough of a career for anyone." A would-be member of Women's Liberation seated next to me shuddered and protested under her breath, but the general reaction was a light wave of assent.

Fritz Scholder advanced to the podium. He is a ruggedly beautiful man, and looks much more Indian than the one-quarter (his father's mother was a full-blooded Luiseno, but his mother was non-Indian) which he says is his actual genetic heritage. The high cheek bones, broad nose and ruddy complexion are given a final frontier-tintype accent by his shoulder-length black hair. For a brief moment he brooded over the several hundred women in the audience and then his face broke into a broad warm smile that could have melted ice. (After the talk, as Scholder stood autographing the 20 copies of his book which the Club had procured to sell on the premises — all 20 sold in minutes at the rather staggering price of \$18.95 — a tall blonde woman approached him. She leaned toward him and said, "A few of the ladies didn't understand everything you said, but they agreed that your smile was devastating." In reply Scholder smiled.

Scholder spoke for about 45 minutes. He mentioned that neither "America" nor "Indian" were Indian words. He said that the American Indians were really a divergent group of mutually hostile, fiercely nationalistic tribes. He said that the only thing they all had in common was a highly developed sense of the esthetic.

Scholder said that in all the Indian languages there was no word for art as the non-Indian world understands it. Art for an Indian was inseparable from daily life. It meant painting the teepee or decorating cooking utensils and weapons so that they would be beautiful to use.

Scholder said that the Indians' first encounter with art was in prison. After the Indian defeats in the many wars that were fought over the American West, the warriors were placed in the territorial prisons and there they were given ledger books and crayons by the wardens. The wardens instructed them to draw their memories of battle and the Indians acquiesced to the request. Since it was the warriors' first experience with "White man's

materials" the drawings were primitive by anyone's standards (Indian or White), but the wardens did a brisk business selling the drawings to tourists for \$.25 each and so the Indians were encouraged not to change their style. Scholder called it "The first patronage of Indian arts by the White man."

Scholder went on to detail the relationship between the Indian artist and the White patron from this inauspicious beginning in the territorial prisons of the frontier West to the present.

On the whole he viewed it as an abysmal relationship. He described the White patron as dictating to the Indian what he would portray through his art and how he would portray it. He said that the Indian was kept at the level of producing "trinkets and curios for the tourist trade" and he referred to this enforced movement in Indian art as the "Bambi School" of art.

Near the end of his address Scholder examined the present and looked to the future. He sees the present time as a time of emergence for the Indian artist. Displaying no false modesty, he correctly identified himself as being in large part responsible for the new sense of freedom being experienced by many young Indian artists.

In the future he sees a new generation of Indian lawyers to bring the "dominant society" to task for the broken treaties. He sees Indian historians "rewriting the history of the West." He envisions a troupe of Indian filmmakers, writers, journalists, scholars, and artists who will make Indian art a source of pride for all Indians rather than another source of shame.

On this note of optimism Scholder concluded his address. It has been presented before a political organization adorned with a seemingly political title, introduced by the wife of a politician herself involved in political organizing work within the Indian community. Despite this, it succeeded in being an essentially non-political talk, i.e., it advocated no course of action. It was objective history. Art history, at that.

Fritz Scholder's words were informative, but lacked the passion and social content of his painting. Scholder was addressing the WNDC because he has, in his own words, "made it." He is far removed from the plaza in Santa Fe, New Mexico where poor Indian artists still gather to sit on the sidewalk and hawk their carefully manufactured images of the White world's concept of Indian art to the tourists for pennies. He is as far removed as you or I or Andy Warhol or Pablo Picasso.

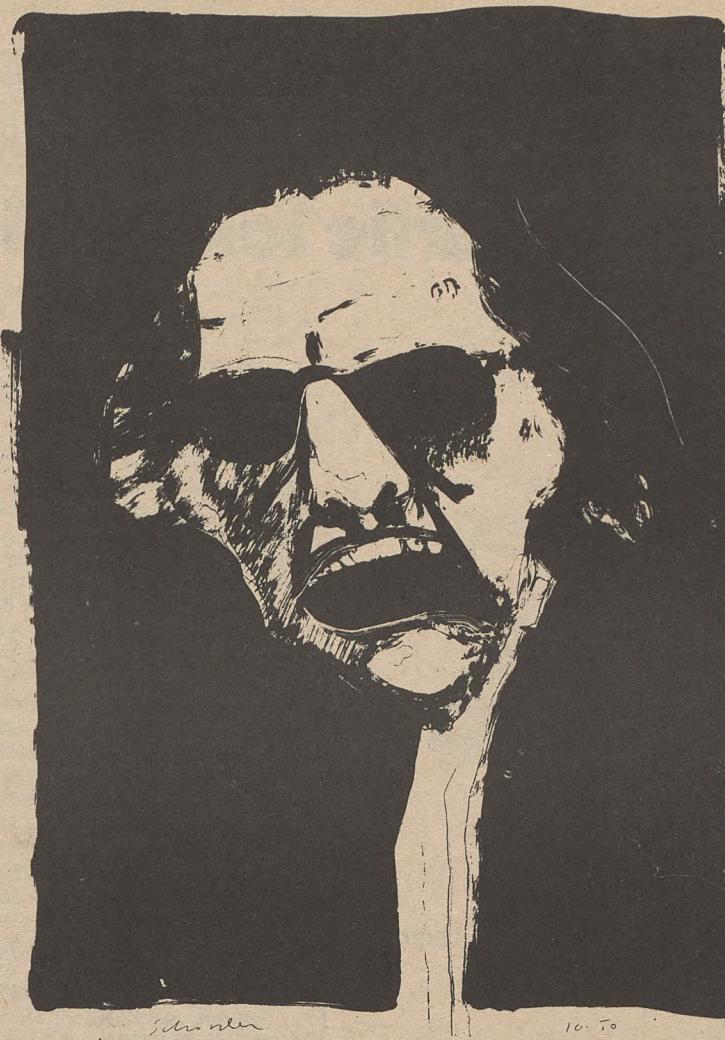
He views himself as an artist, not as an Indian. And he has made it as an artist. He has fame; a summer home in Santa Fe; a winter home in Scottsdale, Arizona, and, after years of obscurity and struggle, he is on his way to wealth and an assured place in the art history books. It is almost impossible to be passionate about past wrongs when the present is so right. And so Fritz Scholder's talk served to convey no sense of outrage, but rather a sense of serenity and hope. Everything will work out now, he seemed to say. Despite the wrongs of the past, we are on our way to pride and accomplishment and an equal partnership with our former enemies, now patrons. As far as any remarks he might have made that reflected negatively on the "dominant society," they were always softened by the disclaimer "I have nothing personal against this person." End of speech.

But not quite. After Fritz Scholder has left Washington for the relative quiet of Scottsdale and the happiness of his work, after the women Democrats have recovered from his smile, his paintings will still be around. He had seemingly poured all his passion into them and they speak more eloquently and less anecdotally than their creator.

Scholder's art, possibly because it can never be the political force that he might have been, seems to have escaped from the success syndrome. The paintings hang all over the world, their power undiminished by their notoriety or the artist's success.

It is good that Fritz Scholder is a happy, unembittered man. It is good that he can smile and that his wife loves him and that they have a good and successful life. Only a fanatic or a lunatic would begrudge a man these things. But it is also good that Scholder's work has escaped the public serenity that all these good things have given the man. The man has won the American dream (yes, it does exist — both a sentence and a reward), but the objects have avoided it.

Some of Fritz Scholder's paintings and other works are currently on view at the Henri Gallery at 1875 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.



Nitty Gritty Dirt Band:

Uncle Charlie Told Me So



By Richard Harrington

PART I OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

If you lived in Southern California in 1965 or '66, and if you spent any time at your neighborhood coffeehouse hootenanny, you might have caught many fledgling groups. Among them: The Sebastian Dangerfield Memorial Sextet and The Wilmore City Moonshiners. If you do remember them, you'll be astounded to learn that those very same people are now the heart and soul of The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. The jugband spirit of those early days has developed into a variety of textures — from rock and roll to Cajun to traditional country. The band has been up and down, busted apart and slapped together again, and recently partook of a singular music experience — the making of a triple album that is one of the masterpieces of the record world. When they spent a week at the Cellar Door in November, the author shared many hours with the group, between sets and during rainy afternoons and quiet mornings.

When you walked into the Cellar Door that week, you got the distinct impression that you were walking into a musical auction. The wall behind the stage was covered with instruments — banjos, electric and acoustic guitars, a fiddle, an accordion, drums, electric piano, congas, bass, a slide guitar, a row of harmonicas. There must have been a couple of dozen instruments in all, and you had to wonder how that many people were going to fit on the tiny stage. When the lights dimmed, you were amazed that only five people walked onto the stage — Jimmie Fadden, John McEuen, Les Thompson, Jim Ibbotson and Jeff Hanna. For six years, they have played as the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, yet this was their first adequate exposure in Washington. And you had to wonder why, because they proceeded to knock the walls out with a set that started out at full steam with "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" and seesawed between mellowness and funk before blasting into a finale of Cajun fiddle tunes.

The years have provided a wealth of experience and changes, and some mighty fine people have come and gone, including Jackson Browne and Chris Darrow.

It started out around 1966 with jugband music. Except for Jim Ibbotson all the others were living around Los Angeles. Jeff Hanna was helping out the folk boom by becoming a pretty good folk-guitarist. Les Thompson was discovering the mandolin. John McEuen was about to discover the banjo. They all somehow ended up hanging around a place called McCabe's in Long Beach. McCabe's sold instruments, and by working there, the guys were able to play all the axes without shelling out cash. That's when everybody started getting serious about performing, and the style they picked was jugband.

Bill McEuen (who no longer plays, but manages the group and produces their records) remembers people drifting in and out of the

group. "We never knew who was in it, people never knew exactly what they were doing."

"The jugband thing we did was more than music; it was communication. They were really into talking to people. They have half the show now that they used to have. Half the show was visual, and the music was really secondary. It was what they were saying and doing. People were just getting into dope on a mass-basis in Southern California, smoking in public, and the group was up there setting off smokebombs and flashpaper and running around the stage riding on motorcycles, just driving people crazy. The music was just a cushion to their antics."

Jeff Hanna also laughs about those days. "We used a thing called 'flicker lights,' where we'd cut a hole in a circle of paper and spin it in front of a slide projector, which would make kind of an old-time movie effect — a little less psychedelic and more funny than a strobe light. We'd do songs like 'Teddy Bear's Picnic' and 'It's A Sin To Tell A Lie' with bubbles. We went on stage in whiteface a few times. Jimmie Fadden had to use baby powder on his hands to lubricate the neck of the wash-tub base so that he wouldn't blister his hands. One night, we put it all over our faces and ratted our hair and went on that way. Had a real dull audience, so we figured we'd be both the show and the audience. We did half the set lying down."

Fadden had joined the group when Jeff and his brother found they couldn't get along and the harp player decided to go to Europe. Jimmie ended up with both jobs, playing harp and washtub.

Jackson Browne, who has since become one of the better young songwriters, also had problems adjusting. He didn't like old-time music very much and he wanted to write. So just before the band was about to release its first album, he dropped out, to be replaced by John McEuen. John actually replaced Jackson's spot, though he didn't play the same

instruments. Even that change took a little bribery. "I replaced Jackson in August of '66. The way I did that — Jack was deciding to quit and everybody came over to my house. There was ice cream in the freezer and my parents had a swimming pool. So I fed 'em ice cream and let 'em go swimming, and I said 'Hey, how would you like to have me replace Jack?' and Jack says, 'Hey, that's a good idea; I'm going to quit.' so that night we played and six months later we had recorded and had a hit record that went up to No. 40 on the charts ['Buy For Me The Rain'] and everybody got swelled heads and couldn't talk to each other.

Both John and Bill McEuen had gotten into old-time country music through the New Lost City Ramblers. That group, which included folk historian John Cohen, was their first heavy influence to "dig into the music." But for John, probably the most influential experience turned out to be the Dillards, who at that time played absolutely pure bluegrass.

"I was 17 and I went to see a group called the Dillards, not knowing what they did. As I sat in the audience waiting for them to come on, I started sweating. I had no idea why. At the time I just played a little guitar, three chords. I'm sitting there, not knowing what they're going to do, it just got out of hand. Finally, they come on, and I was that way throughout the set. They started off with 'Hickory Hollow,' and then 'Dooley,' then 'Old Man At The Mill.' I just could not believe it. I stayed awake until 4 or 5 in the morning. A couple of months later, I finally convinced my dad to buy me a banjo for my birthday. I was 18 and I found out a few years later that Doug Dillard started when he was 18 also, so I felt pretty good. Up to that time, on the guitar I had, I had put a nail in at the 5th fret to tie the string down so it would be like the 5th fret of a banjo. It was a Kay guitar and it sounded so horrible it drove me crazy. I told my dad I was saving up my money to buy a banjo. He was telling me, 'You're going down the wrong road, son, that's nothing but a life of bars.' He didn't agree with what I was doing, but he got me a 1928 Ludwig banjo for Christmas. It was \$180, which was a lot for a family that wasn't accustomed to buying instruments.

"I managed to see the Dillards an average of two times a week for two years. I was so fortunate. I had their records which I'd take home and slow 'em down to 16 rpm, pick some licks of it the best I could, go see 'em, find out what I was doing wrong, try it again from what I saw and then go back and find out I still had it wrong. It was like going to school. I don't think I'd be doing this if it wasn't for the Dillards."

John became friends by hanging around the dressing room, never being obnoxious, and learning well. After a time, he even got to pick with them on occasion.

At the same time, Les was beginning to master the mandolin, partly because he felt two guitars were one too many in a bluegrass-type group.

The early days were mostly spent in small coffeehouses like the Paragon, where they'd play for \$10 a week and all the pizza they could eat. They had a lot of musical friends, for the Paragon served as a home to Tim Buckley, Jim Fielder — who later helped form Blood, Sweat & Tears — Kathy Smith, Steve Noonan, Jackson Browne and Mary Catherine Lundsford. In the Dirt Band itself were Bruce Kunkel and Ralph Barr as well as Fadden, Thompson, Hanna and John McEuen. It was a real loose band, heavy on enthusiasm and hopes.

The hopes were slightly set back with the release of the first album. "We were trying to convince record companies that they should record the kind of music we were doing, but they told us we were crazy. Then 'Winchester Cathedral' came out and they finally started to listen a little." That's John, and Bill continues, "It was hard to get a record contract, but we finally got one. We made a record for Liberty, which was the only company in Hollywood that would touch us, and our demo was better than the album we put out. I still have it, it's unreleased, and someday it'll

come out, when it's a really meaningful as sort of a retrospective.

"The first three albums were bullshit, discouraging to both the group and myself, but they made some money for the record company, which kept us under contract."

The first album was simply called THE NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND, had a bulldozer on the cover and a doo-doo-dee-oo, twenties-style music on the inside. It was soon followed by RICOCHET, which had Dirt Band vocals backed by "Hollywood Orchestra" rock. Actually, it's not as bad as it must have seemed at the time, because David ("Bread") Gates was doing the string arrangements and Jim Gordon was on drums. As a matter of fact, the sidemen were all heavy studio people. Bill recalls that "we were doing Jackson Browne songs and selecting material that just didn't represent the group. It wasn't bad music, it just wasn't what we wanted."

Next came a compromise — half Hollywood rock and half jug Dirt Band. The album was called RARE JUNK, and Liberty never really got behind it. It was almost as if they were fulfilling their obligations with reserve.

"It was half our fault," claims Bill McEuen. "You've got to give them commercial product. Even with Doc Watson, it's got to be the best he can do, not jive. And a lot of the stuff the Dirt Band was forced into doing because of the producer and the way things were scheduled just didn't work out. We weren't happy with ourselves, so we couldn't expect the record company to be happy either."

"When United Artists came along, it was a whole new thing. They kicked everybody out. During the time of switching regimes, Bill had almost total freedom, since everybody (executives) was concerned with saving his own ass. He could book recording sessions, do the art work, almost "demand" control over his own product. But before the acquisition of Liberty by UA came the most unfortunate album, recorded live at The Troubadour. It was really bad. The group was unhappy and they walked through it. Jeff points out that "If you listen, the feeling that we hated each other is there, by then it comes across. They cut the album against our wishes. We wouldn't go into the studio with the same producer, so he just decided to record us live."

"And we were sick. I say on one of the tracks, 'Jeff, remember when you recorded this, you had the flu.' It's on there, and I can still feel it. Playing second bill to us then was Poco, who had been together just two months and their exuberance was just a total antithesis to what we were doing. We were all bored and sick and disgusted with each other."

Bill adds: "When I look back on it, the first album was good, the second one had good things on it, as did the third. The live album should never have been released. Then the group broke up."

The prelude to the breakup came in Oregon, where the Dirt Band had been hired to do the film version of PAINT YOUR WAGON. They got fourth billing and close to \$100,000 for doing nothing. Jimmie Fadden is still trying to forget "three months in Oregon in a town that was mostly taken over by everybody that was in the movie. Spent an hour and a half getting to the set and the same coming back, unless you were lucky enough to catch the helicopter. Spent a lot of time sitting around. Creatively, it was lacking for us. We could've done so much more, but the thing got chopped up. It was just an overblown musical. I didn't enjoy the music in it all that much. I enjoyed my time out there, though, even if I went crazy after a while. Met a lot of people like the jug band, The PH Factor, from San Francisco. Let me tell you some of the things I did in Oregon. I made a raft, floated it out on a pond, walked in the mud a lot, did a lot of walking and running in the mountains. We played a lot. Just hung around and played a lot till they yelled, 'You can't do this anymore.'

"The reason we had the breakup after the movie is that it seemed like what we were doing was really good, but people just didn't

(Continued on Page 8)

PERFORMANCE

THE PHILANDERER

Kennedy Center

Reviewed by Jay Alan Quantrill
For the second time in the last year, the Shaw Festival from Canada has brought one of George Bernard's scripts to the Kennedy Center; this time a lesser known work called *THE PHILANDERER*. Last time was a marvelous success. And by Jove, they've done it again! *THE PHILANDERER* is about just that: a philanderer and the various complications in the life thereof. It is not so well wrought a work as *MISALLIANCE*, the first production, but in the hands of the Canadians, *THE PHILANDERER* works its witty magic on the audience.

Be prepared: you must understand what Ibsenism, the philosophy based on the writings of Henrik Ibsen. It is the original women's lib point of view and it abounds in Shaw, most particularly in *THE PHILANDERER*. So much so that much of the action takes place in the library of the Ibsen Club, a club which demands that prospective male members be certified non-masculine and female members, non-feminine: within the hallowed halls of the Ibsen Club, men and women are equals. Who else but Shaw would use this spot for the playing out of a plot involving engagements, betrayals, wimpering women and hearty-hearted girls, inconstant philanderers, staunch male chauvinists, and a pair of be-daughtered fathers.

Tony Van Bridge has directed the show and manages to provide an evening without a moment of boredom. And with a Shawian script, that's no mean accomplishment. Of course, he (Mr. Van Bridge) has a fine cast to work with him, led by Shaw Festival director Paxton Whitehead — playing the title role — and his delicious wife, Patricia Gage, who plays the womanliest of women. James Valentine, who was in *MISALLIANCE* earlier, plays the role of Doctor Paramore, the liver-vivisectionist who ends up with the hand of the womanliest woman. The best of the lot includes these and Sandy Webster playing the other father. In all, only one of the roles lacked satisfactory work, and that's a matter of taste.

The style of acting totters on the brink of campiness, to the extent that it occasionally falls into a kind of exaggerated melodramatics that may bring laughter, but sacrifices the continuity of the piece. However, with more performances, the group will certainly smooth out some of the rough edges in the acting. The setting is visually quite pleasing and succeeds in fulfilling the requirements of the script. In fact, the scene changes got some of the biggest hands of the evening; they are well staged in dim light and add a neat dimension to the production.

THE PHILANDERER is certainly not *PYGMALION*, or even *MISALLIANCE*, but it is Shaw and well done. It follows hot on the heels of the smash British play *THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES* in the Eisenhower, and if you were even mildly happy with that one, *THE PHILANDERER* will certainly tickle your funnybone and beguile you for the evening. The Shaw Festival from Canada strikes again!

GODSPELL and *THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS* as Experimental Theatre and Propaganda.

Theatre and propaganda, in many experimental theatre circles, are synonyms. Propaganda in theatre need not get in the way of the art. If anything, the better the art, the better the propaganda. The more exciting and impressive the art is, the more complete the communication of the propaganda. I am speaking of propaganda defined as "information deliberately spread widely to help or harm a person, group, movement, nations, etc. and/or the particular doctrine of principles propagated by an organization or movement."

The success of two recent popular productions in our city utilizing the mixture of theatre and propaganda has surprised me somewhat. Also, the extensive use of the elements of performance theatre, of technique and methods developed through recent theatre experimentation in performance style surprised me. I wasn't particularly surprised at the use of performance techniques or by the propagandizing, but rather by the seemingly wide acceptance of these devices by the audience.

I was also surprised and pleased to see performance theatre techniques being used in

a Black theatre piece, *THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS* and in a musical, *GODSPELL*. Neither Black theater nor musical theater are particularly open to experimentation normally. It was exciting to see a concrete idea made abstract through the non-realistic use of sound and movement and thus become more aesthetically exciting. In *GODSPELL*, there are some marvelously humorous abstract human machines representing hell at one point, priests at another, and other elements of the real world that was lived in by the Biblical Christ. The abstractions utilized in *TORTURE OF MOTHERS* are deadly serious, but just as effective. At one point a rather terrifying, narrative description of the beating of one young black man by cops is reinforced by a tense mixture of vocal sounds and the physical manifestation of the terrors of the six mothers huddled together in a frightened, moaning group. Both of these productions constantly reinforce their messages, their propaganda, with experimental performance theatre techniques.

Interestingly enough, they both deal with a story line through the use of narrative techniques. *THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS* deals with the events leading up to and through the jailing of the Harlem Six. *GODSPELL* deals with the Gospel according to St. Matthew. The basic mode of narration in *TORTURE OF MOTHERS* is to have either one of the Harlem Six or one of their mothers tell us about one of the incidents that took place, leading up to the arrests. At one point, each mother relates how the police came to arrest her son for the murder that they were accused of. Narration in *GODSPELL* is essentially handled in a story theatre fashion with one actor telling a parable as others act it out. In both plays the methods are very successfully theatrical.

Characterizations in both productions were dealt with in rather non-traditional manners. The method employed in *TORTURE OF MOTHERS* was to have each actor basically maintain the character he was playing throughout all aspects of performance, even when doing non-realistic, choral-type speaking and movement. The actors in *GODSPELL* use their own self image a bit more as the basic characters, and come out of it to be a sheep or part of hell, or whatever. They are a multitude of things and people. The concentration from both casts was intensive and believable.

For the production of *GODSPELL*, the basic major fault came out of characterization. For some reason, a series of rather easy impersonations were used throughout the production. They always got a laugh, but they were cheap laughs which were nowhere near the quality of the more inventive aspects of the production.

The two inventive segments of the show which were most successful were the song "All Good Gifts" and the crucifixion scene. In both scenes the use of lighting, music and staging is genuinely brilliant. The electric sound reinforcement for the crucifixion is a perfect use of electric music with live performers.

THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS suffered from over-extension at times, and a second act which was not as inventive as the first. The repetitive stories of each individual wore on a bit too long. Glenda Dickerson, who adapted the Truman Nelson book, should have forced her marvelous directorial sense into a more sparse editing of the script she put together. It is here that the propaganda began to get in the way of the art. The play desperately wants to detail the events which led up to the accusation and imprisonment of the Harlem Six, some of whom are still in jail today, eight years later, on what, according to the evidence in this play, were trumped up charges designed to get at six young black men who had had a run in with the police. In spite of this unneeded repetition, the propaganda works as theatre. In the same way, *GODSPELL* works as theatre and propaganda. If the story of Christ were presented in this manner to more people, the church might not have turned off so many so soon. Both of these productions were marvelous theatre and effective propaganda as well as exciting experiments.

P.S.



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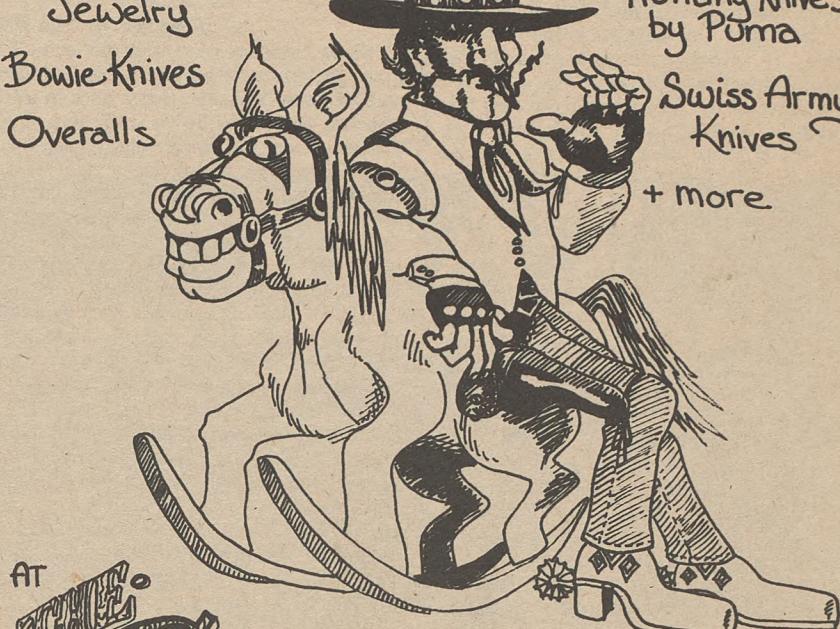
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COUNTERNOTES

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L.A. REGGAE —

Johnny Rivers — (United Artists)

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

You're driving along in your car, it's a nice day; traffic's not too bad, and your car radio is cranked up and tuned to a red-hot Top 40 station; a commercial has just ended when you hear the piano pounding out the familiar opening to "Rockin' Pneumonia and the Boogie Woogie Flu." Instantly the deep, resonant tones of the deejay boom out over the still audible, rocking piano: "Well, how're ya doin'?" It's 2:28 in Washington on a BEAUTIFUL day, 63 degrees on the outside, Jim Roberts (all Top 40 jocks are named Jim Roberts) COOKIN' with ya on the inside! Just thankin' you for lettin' me spend my DAY with YOU! Too much! We are sockin' all the hits to you ALL DAY long on (pick one: "the great 98," "the mighty 1390," "all-hit radio," "the fun 61"). If there's anything your rockin' heart desires, pick up the phone 363-0000, and we'll play the HITS that YOU want to hear. Here's the Secret Agent Man, the Seventh Son, Mr. Johnny RIVERS, and he's got a wicked case of the Rockin' Pneumonia, and the Boogie Woogie FLU!!" — I WANNA JUMP BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL FALL — the piano glides into the vocal, the deejay glides into the vocal, and if he has done it right, that is, allowed absolutely no space in between the end of his patter and the beginning of the vocal on the record, he has "tight-cued," or "hit," or "talked up" the record successfully.

When he has successfully talked up a record, a deejay will more often than not go into paroxysms of delight at his accomplishment. However, when the jock is still talking and the vocal comes up, he has committed the grave sin of "stepping on" or "walking all over the record." Usually this happens on

oldies or records with whose intro time the jock is unfamiliar. To talk up a record you must know how much instrumental intro time there is, and from there you really have to feel it. You can look at a clock or stopwatch, but that's considered cheating.

Some of the classic songs for tight-cuing have been "Vehicle" by the Ides of March, "One Toke Over the Line," by Brewer and Shipley, the current Raspberries' single, "I Wanna Be With You," — songs with nice catchy intros that get you hooked in and get the old adrenalin flowing. And "Rockin' Pneumonia — Boogie Woogie Flu" is a great tight-cuing song for two reasons: 1) it has a bitch of a piano intro by the great Larry Knechtal, and 2) because it has a very long intro. It presents a challenge. Not just anyone can hit this song. You gotta be good. The only longer thing around now is the Temptations' "Papa Was a Rollin' Stone," and that one's so long you could go out and have your lunch, and it'll still be goin' on when you walk in. I haven't heard anyone hit this, but someone told me he heard it done on WNBC in New York.

So the fact that it is a good song to talk up helped "Pneumonia" get a spot on the charts and it certainly gives the charts some class. Johnny's remake of the old Huey "Piano" Smith song is right on target. In fact, this whole album is. It's his best in a long, long time. After all, he was one of the early and mid-sixties' great rockers, so it is only natural that he would find his way home to what he can do best. He had a few albums of drecky softer stuff that is absolutely nowhere compared to a great album like L.A. REGGAE. There's only a couple of soft acoustic things here, "On The Borderline" and "Come Home America," but they're great too!

His band is fabulous, all the great L.A. studio musicians like bassist Joe Osborne and Knechtal (who's now in Bread). The material is well chosen. If you like what he's done with "Pneumonia" wait'll you hear him on Van Morrison's "Brown Eyed Girl," Eddie Floyd's "Knock On Wood," or the Chuck Berry song that Johnny has had a hit with before, "Memphis." I think this would make a good followup, considering the revival of interest in Chuck these days, and also it's got another fine piano intro by Knechtal. There's some good rockin' new originals like "Stories to a Child," "New York City Dues," and the only really reggae-sounding song here, "Life Is A Game," co-written by Bernie Leadon of Eagles.

The word "comeback" has some demeaning connotations, so I'll stay away from it, but it's been a while since Johnny has rocked like this. You're going to hear a lot more of this

album on the radio, and it's going to do all parties concerned a lot of good. "Well, I've gotta go! Stay tuned for much more music, and if you're in a car, thanks for the ride!"

ROXY MUSIC —
Reprise

Reviewed by Tim Hogan
Show business is supposedly one of the more glamorous fields and music is indeed a part of show business. Every once in a while someone like David Bowie or T. Rex or Alice Cooper enters the picture and shakes the old body alive. The timing being right you get things like "T. Rex is the Seventies." And always on the horizon, next to the big star, is the new star — take, for instance, Roxy Music, who are flash, bizarre, camp and freaky, besides being musical. If the title of "music of the Seventies" is even available at this early date, then save a nomination for Roxy Music.

Formed over a year ago in England as a vehicle for art teacher Bryan Ferry's music, the concepts of the norm and the abnormal were combined to meet the needs of its divergent personnel. Though the music recognizes no barriers, it's a combination of straight rock and roll, unearthly horn choruses and the electronic wizardry of one Eno. Fronted by Ferry's unique style of phrasing and vocalizing, it all adds up to a freak show. Live onstage, you might see bikerish Phil Manzanera strangling his guitar's neck; tall, skinny, dyed-blond Andy MacKay bodily forcing riffs from his horns; Eno dressed like a luxurious drag queen pounding love out of his synthesized keyboards or turning dials controlling his tape memory unit; drummer Paul Thompson dressed like Tarzan and fancy Rik Kenton leaning against his wall of amps; with Ferry done up like Marlon Brando, singing in a frenzy that looks as if it could've only come from the confused survivor of a nasty car crash. All of that visually, while your audio senses are being caressed by full volume bizarro-rock.

If it's believable, all of that imagery is caught in the grooves of their first album. Produced by ex-King Crimsonite Peter Sinfield, it's a masterpiece for its blend of electronic and rock music, a field that has more scars than happy children. You can't miss the album, it's got one of the most luscious covers available, a beautiful model named Kari-Ann wallowing in '50-ish splendor, lying back with her ruby red lips parted. . . . Or maybe you'd recognize a tune that abruptly ends, "What's her name? Virginia Plain." Well, that's Roxy Music, how about you?

EUROPE '72 —
Grateful Dead — (Warner Brothers)

It might not be a bad idea for a Concerned Grateful Dead Freaks Society to start up, to go tell Jerry Garcia and company, "Okay, folks, enough is enough. When do you plan on making another real album?"

The big problem, or one of the big problems, is that the Dead haven't given us anything new to reach out for. Maybe we've come to expect too much from them; maybe we've become too accustomed to the brilliance of Garcia's guitar playing, and take it for granted.

Another problem is that no matter how well you record a live performance, it's still a record and you're sitting at home, not in a concert hall. I'm not so sure people actually want to be reminded of concerts. Hell, you'd have to sell the record complete with ushers, guards, people to stand around you blocking your view (in a living room?) and maybe somebody to break your windows or phone in a bomb threat. There is something to be said for the studio album, and it would be interesting to hear the results of the Dead trying it again.

The choice of material on EUROPE '72 is questionable to the point of being idiotic.

It's hard to fathom why the Dead did not include more new original material, especially since they had six sides to work with. If the answer is that they are saving them for a new studio album, then where the hell is that? There hasn't been one in over two years — a mighty long time for such a prolific band to go without a record of all new songs. You could argue that the solo albums by Garcia and Weir had new songs, and good new songs at that, but I think we can agree that they weren't group albums, even if they do some of those songs live.

Maybe their next album should be called BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.

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(Continued from Page 4)

dig it. Now people are digging it. As long as everybody's having a good time, people like us and there's no reason to quit."

But quit they did, with Les Thompson capping the last meeting with one of the all-time great lines: "Does that mean we don't have to practice anymore?"

After the breakup, people went their separate ways. Jimmie was playing with an eight-piece jazz band "... called Love The People, with Bruce Kunkel, who had once been with the Dirt Band. He'd had a group called Word Salad for a while, and then he got into this group. Had four horn players, organ, bass, drums and conga player. It was just a kick-ass jazz band. I was playing trombone and tuba." Les and Ralph Barr got a group together and spent about six months rehearsing. Before they ever got to do a gig, Bill McEuen got everyone together and though Ralph Barr didn't return, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band was functioning again. "We got back together on the basis that we'd make records that we'd like, we'd make money, and we'd communicate to people."

It is now summer of '69 and enter the new face - Jim Ibbotson. A graduate of the Wharf rats [N.J.] and The Evergreen Blueshows [headed by Skip Battin, now of The Byrds], Jim had come to L.A. after dropping out of school, thinking he was a songwriter. Seeing Poco at the Troubadour changed his mind and attitude. He went back to school, thrilled by the memory of Poco. Then he almost ended up joining them, replacing Randy Meisner. But somehow or other, the Dirt Band got him. "I think they traded three dates at the Golden Bear for me." A friend of Kenny Loggins put the Dirt Band onto Jim, saying he could sing and play drums at the same time, which isn't easy to do well.

"I was living in a little apartment in Beachwood Canyon [one of the lesser known Hollywood canyons]. At 3 am, they rousted me from bed saying, 'You don't know us, but you ought to join our band.' They said 'How'd you like to make a million dollars?' I immediately began to shake and look around my \$50 a month apartment that I was paying for by playing bass with the Hager Twins. It was totally unreal. Finally, after some talking about material, I said, 'Sounds good... Let's walk around.' So we go outside and I'm still shaking."

Jim had learned his trade in Long Beach, N.J., near Philadelphia. His father being a preacher, he was exposed to a lot of piano and organ. But his heart was in rock and roll, and with his music teacher covering for his frequent absences from school, he spent most of his time in Philly, playing record-hops with Chuck Berry and Len Barry. Jerry Blavett offered him \$225 a week to go on the road.

"But I decided to learn more to earn more, and I went to DePauw as a music education major. But they tried to take the rock and roll out of me. Like, I had my hands down really good in those days; I'd play finger style drums. They scotched my fingers to the stick, 'cause they'd never seen that done before: it was Communist or Martian or something. So I transferred to the school of liberal arts and

graduated in economics, wherever that's at. Someday I'll be an economic advisor to a post-revolution crisis.

"The only thing Dad hated worse than alcohol, and the life I was obviously destined for, was the lack of money. And the fact that they paid me to play caused him to encourage me. Rock and roll gives an adolescent confidence in his own feelings, therefore he's able to break away from his folks. For most kids, they get this feeling from a radio. For me, it meant so much more, because I could walk out of the house with their blessing. It was my ticket to ride."

All the way to the West Coast, with very few visits back East as part of the band. This was partly a reflection of their inner feelings. The few times they had played the East, they had been unhappy. They've actually come closer to breaking up more often here than anywhere. They would become extremely emotionally depressed, especially in New York. With Ibbotson in the band, they kept a few of the old tunes and weeded out the rest. Among those kept was Steve Noonan's "Buy For Me The Rain," which had been their first hit single. But even that had been tainted, because the flip side was "Candy Man" which was banned throughout the South as a drug song. It got the Dirt Band mentioned in NEWSWEEK in the same sentence as The Beatles and the Rolling Stones. Good company, but bad luck.

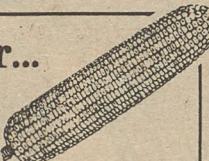
The first album for UA became UNCLE CHARLIE, which seemed to work off an ancient tape for its mood, and was really the first well-received Dirt Band album. "The concept of UNCLE CHARLIE," according to Bill McEuen, "didn't come about until the last month, seven months after we had recorded it. Uncle Charlie was a relative, my wife's uncle, whom I had recorded under the influence of John Cohen. It was my idea, but it wasn't planned. I thought Uncle Charlie tapes might sound good in conjunction with 'Bojangles.' Then I talked the group into letting me put his picture on the cover, which required that it better be a good idea, and when they heard it, they just fell out. We were overcome that the idea actually worked. It gave us a real nice way of presenting that song after people had recorded it. Charlie is a real person, all that talking and stuff is actually happening, *ad lib*, without him knowing the microphone was there. It really freaked out our relatives, especially the ones in Coughlin County."

"Bojangles" was a hit and things started going well once again. A second album, ALL THE GOOD TIMES, followed, perhaps a bit too soon, according to Jeff. "Prior to ALL THE GOOD TIMES, we spent that year on the road, and our chops were good, but we didn't get enough new tunes together. We learned a lot of those tunes in the studio and I think the music suffered for it. I think the high points are as good as or better than anything we've ever done, but the low points are..."

There was more touring, and then there was The Masterpiece.

In the next issue of WOODWIND will be the story of the making of that Masterpiece: WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN. Don't miss it!!!

In One Ear...



All ye at WOODWIND:

I got your nifty little note today. "All articles are accepted based on their own merits, not on the credits or reputation of the author" That statement is in your masthead, and reading it gave me a full and complete understanding of why you returned my manuscript. One question, though - if my stuff doesn't fit in with the general quality of your publication, why is it that you print the contributions of the Hogan brothers?

As for the manuscript itself, I guess I'll just have to send it to a publication that will pay for it. I'll make it a point to send you a clipping of it when it's published.

To show that there are no hard feelings on my part, please enter my lifetime subscription to WOODWIND. Enclosed you will find my check. I wasn't sure how much a lifetime subscription would cost, so if I've overpaid you, please refund the balance, okay?

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Gordon Van Burien Fletcher, III
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P.S. By the way, you folks would have a much better publication if WOODWIND was printed with invisible ink!

We're pleased, for your sake, to hear that you've been published in ROLLING STONE. You can now add to your ever-growing list, WOODWIND. We'll be most happy to see your review of "Creedence Gold," so please send us a tearsheet. Incidentally, your check for "Exactly Zero and 3/100" has been deposited; your lifetime subscription will be entered as soon as we receive word from the bank that your check has cleared.

WOODWIND Mag Rag,

Here we are in our holiday mood, RAZZ, The band on which to keep your eyes glued. And all the time you're wishing we're acoustic you could be thinking instead of St. Nick who would bring you:

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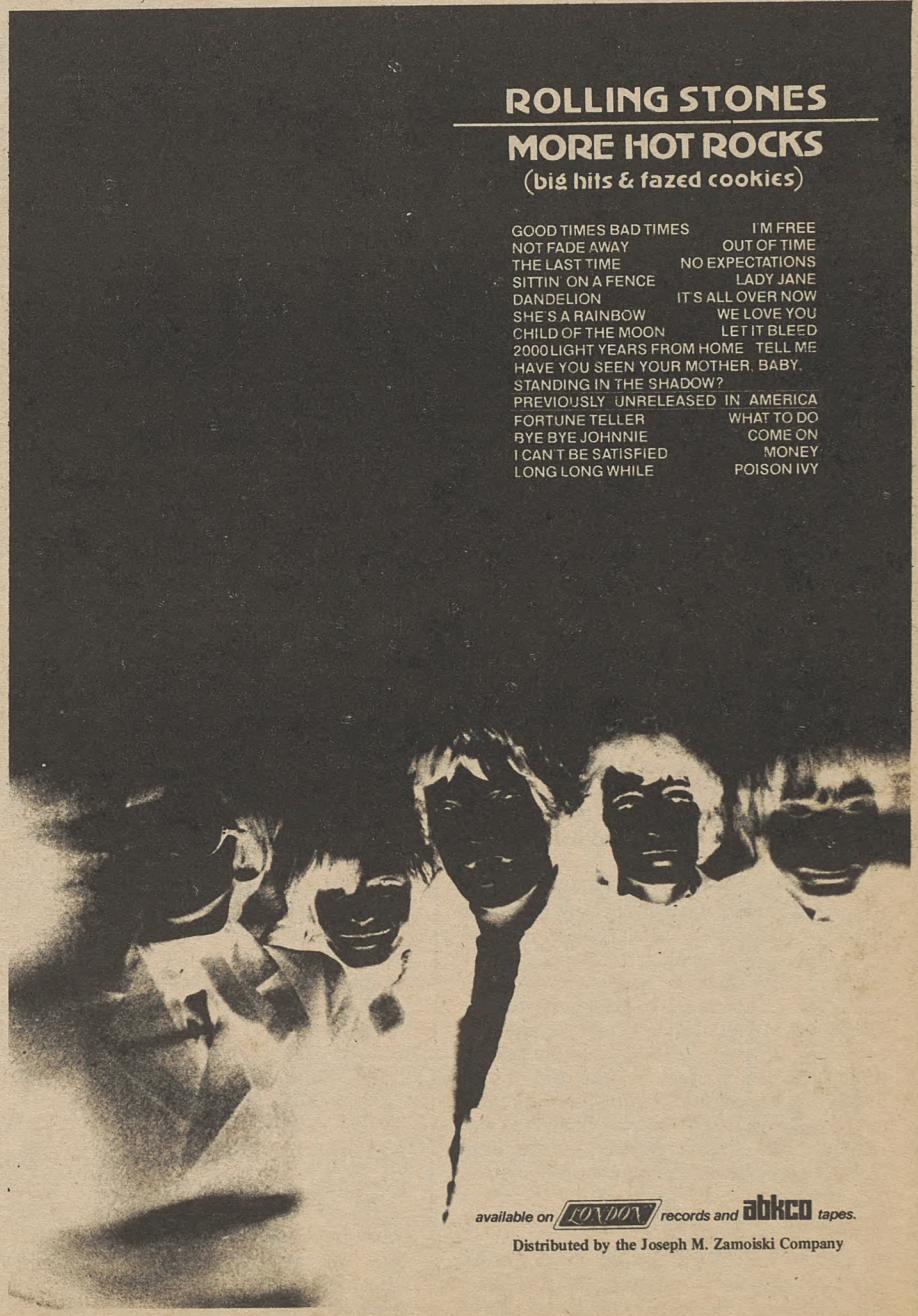
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In your own backyard

By PAULA MATHEWS

JEAN KERR'S NEW COMEDY, "Finishing Touches," which opened yesterday at the Eisenhower Theater at the Kennedy Center, has run afoul of the inaugural activities scheduling problems. Because of the inauguration, performances on Jan. 18, 19, and 20 have been cancelled, but repeat performances have been rescheduled on Wed., Jan. 17 as well as an additional performance on Sun., Jan. 21 at 3 pm and 7:30 pm. Following inauguration week follies, the play will resume its regular schedule of runs thru Feb. 3.

LOTS OF VISUAL TREATS are in store for those interested in commercial gallery art. Paintings by Brigitte McCulloch are being exhibited thru Feb. 2 at the art league, 315 Cameron St., Alexandria, Va. while at Talking of Michelangelo gallery there is a wall hanging show being shown through Jan. 23. The hangings include weaving, batiks and macrame. The gallery is located at 655 C St., S.E. And if surrealism is your bag, you might try the Apogee Galleries at 7355 Wisconsin Ave.

THE BUFFALO CREEK DISASTER is the reason for the special benefit Bluegrass performance on Saturday, Jan. 20 at 8pm, at George Washington University's Lisner Auditorium.

Proceeds from the performance will be used to aid victims of the slag dam collapse at Buffalo Creek, W.Va. last spring. Flooding from the collapse killed 118 persons and left hundred homeless.

Both the Country Gentlemen and Liz Meyer & Sweet Grass are excellent musical talent. The Country Gentlemen are seen frequently in the area playing at the Shamrock in Georgetown and the Red Fox Inn in Bethesda while Liz can be seen at the Childe Harold.

This is definitely one of the more worthy causes you will find being mentioned on Jan. 20. If you don't like what's happening in other parts of town, why don't you try to attend?



The Country Gentlemen

[photo by Britt Nelson]

TWO SAINTS, a new experience in story theater, is now being staged thru Jan. 28 at the Center Stage in Baltimore. The program is built around two tales, "Gimpel the Fool" by Isaac Bashevis Singer and Gustave Flaubert's "St. Julian the Hospitaler." These pieces have been transformed for theater by the use of music, pantomime, singing and narration.

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE POINSETTIAS or throw them away, for that matter. The Green Scene, a program in environmental improvement through gardening, presented by the National Park Service gardeners and plant specialists, is the place to telephone for free advice on any gardening problems you may be having. The Green Scene can give instructions and hints on how to take care of your holiday poinsettias to insure their blooming next year. Sorry, this service is limited to D.C. residents only. Free house calls are also made by the Green Scene. The number for advice is 282-7080.

MODERN AMERICAN ART, from the gallery's permanent collection is being shown at the Renwick's Special Exhibition galleries,

3rd floor, thru Jan. 28. Both paintings and sculptures, in a variety of contemporary styles, will be shown.

THE WASHINGTON AREA FEMINIST Theater once again extends an invitation to women interested in attending workshops being held at the New York Ave. Presbyterian Church, 13th St. and New York Ave., N.W. Workshop schedules include Acting & Technical Theater: Tues. 7:30-9:30; Directing & Improvisational Theater: Wed., 8-10; and Filmmaking & Playwriting: Sat. 10am-Noon. For those whose schedules conflict, there will be another session beginning in March. For more information contact Mary Wilkins at 654-8284.

THE SMITHSONIAN RESIDENTS ASSOC. is sponsoring a variety of innovative courses and programs on the arts, beginning in January. Courses will range from such topics as "Seeing and Thinking" - taught by Dr. Joshua Taylor, director of the National Collection of Fine Arts, "The Contemporary Art Scene in Washington," and "Experiencing the New Arts in Washington." For more information regarding additional programs and class schedules, call 381-5171.

EARPLAY PROJECT, a one-year-old radio drama program of the University of Wisconsin, was created to distribute radio dramas over public, non-profit radio stations. It is now sponsoring a script competition. The Earplay competition will make purchase awards to 20 scripts each year. Five awards at \$1,000 and \$500 will be offered to scripts 15 minutes or less in duration. An identical set of prizes will be offered to scripts 30 minutes or less. Scripts are also accepted for purchase outside of the contest.

If you desire your script entered in competition, it must be designated "FOR THE COMPETITION." The deadline is March 31, 1973 and scripts should be sent to: Earplay, Radio Hall, Madison, Wisc. 53706.

are planned for Sat. and Sun., Jan. 27, 28. For more information on this "breakout" gallery, call 833-8228. You're gonna like this. Guaranteed!

BRAZILIAN BAROQUE objects of both a decorative and religious nature are presently being exhibited at the Renwick Gallery, 17th and Pennsylvania Aves., N.W. On exhibition are 100 works from Brazil's colonial period, including carved and polychromed religious images; silver and gold candlesticks, goblets and crowns, delicately carved and inlaid wood furniture, and carved and gilded tables, cornices and altars. This is the first time these articles have ever left Brazil. The exhibit continues thru Feb. 25.



Margo Barnett in BLACK IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

[photo by Valentine]

Introductory Offer
20% off to all college students with I.D.

hair revival



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SEJ CONCERTS PRESENT

IN CONCERT AT DAR CONSTITUTION HALL

RICHIE HAVENS WITH GABRIEL KAPLAN

Saturday, February 3, 8:30 p.m.

JOHN PRINE

WITH SPECIAL GUEST STARS: FAT CITY
and with BREAKFAST AGAIN

Saturday, February 10, 8:30 p.m.

MELANIE

Saturday, February 17, 8:30 p.m.

AMERICA

Sunday, February 25, 8:30 p.m.

Tickets for RICHIE HAVENS, MELANIE and AMERICA Concerts:
4.50, 5.50, 6.50. Tickets for JOHN PRINE Concert: 4.00, 4.50, 5.00.
Available at all TICKETRON locations including SEARS, WOODWARD
& LOTHROP, AAA. For Ticket Info. Call 338-5992

IN CONCERT AT KENNEDY CENTER

NEIL YOUNG

Sunday, January 28, 8:30 p.m.

Tickets \$4.50, 5.50, 6.50 at Kennedy Center Box Office or TICKET-

IAN & SYLVIA

WITH STEVE GOODMAN

Sunday, February 4, 8:30 p.m.

SEALS & CROFT

Friday, February 9, 8:30 p.m.

Tickets \$4.00, 5.00, 6.00. Available at all TICKETRON locations in-
cluding SEARS, WOODWARD & LOTHROP, AAA. For Mail Order Send
self-addressed stamped envelope to S&J INC., 1201 34th St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20007, For Ticket Info. Call 338-5992

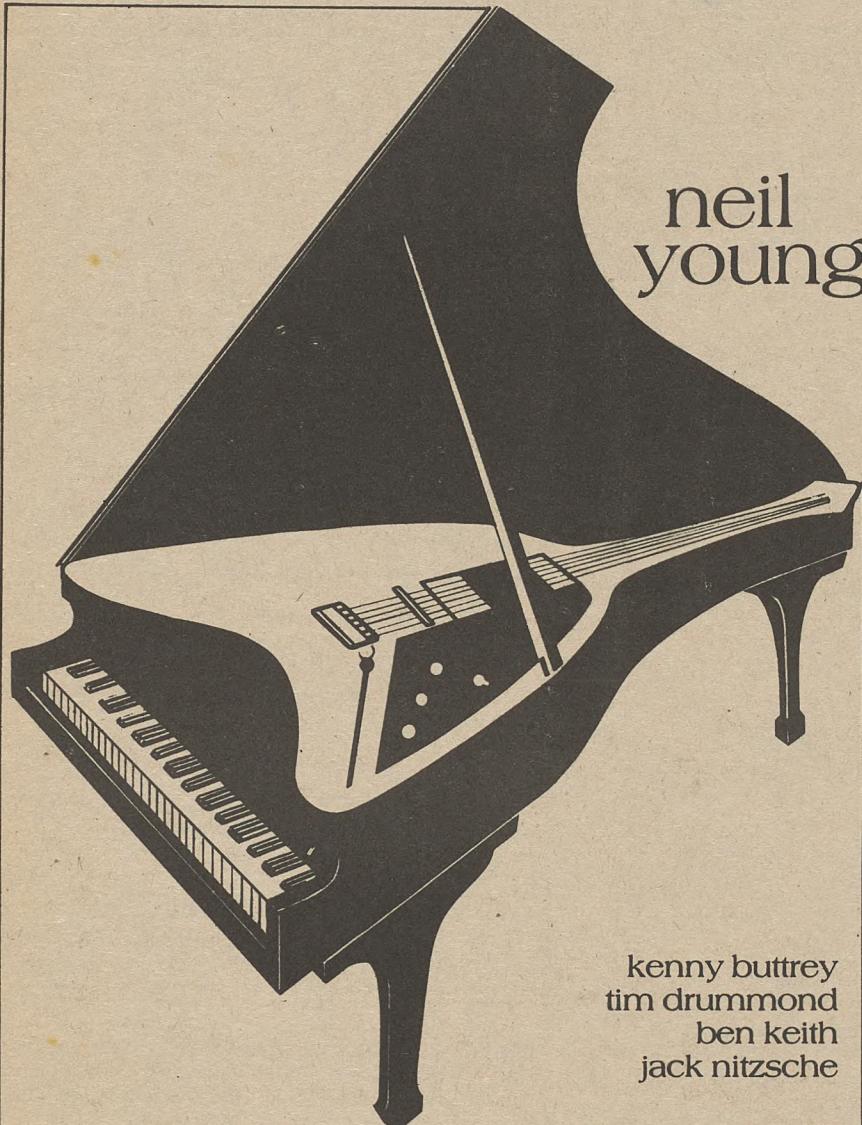
CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY PRESENTS

BILL WITHERS

WITH THE PERSUASIONS

Sunday, February 4, 8:00 p.m.

IN THE GYM—7th and Michigan Avenue N.E.
General Admission \$5.00. Tickets available at all TICKETRON includ-
ing SEARS, WOODWARD & LOTHROP, AAA, and at CATHOLIC U. AC-
TIVITIES OFFICE. For Ticket Info Call 338-5992 or 963-9650.



KENNEDY CENTER

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 8:30 P.M.

Tickets: \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50 at Kennedy Center Box office
and Ticketron.

January 15-20 Merry Clayton
Chet Nichols

January 22-27 David Steinberg
Chris Gentry

January 29 – February 3 Jimmy Smith
February 5-10 Joy of Cooking
Lazarus

Hootenanny every Sunday

The Cellar Door

34th & M St. N.W.
GEORGETOWN
Reservations:
337-3389

Sun. Jan. 28, 1973
One Show Only!
7:30 p.m. Lisner Aud.
21st & H Sts., N.W.
For information: 654-6000

All seats reserved
Tickets \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50

Available at:
Marvin Center Geo. Wash. Univ.
Montgomery Ward Wheaton Laurel
Hillcrest Hts. Falls Church
Manassas Capitol Plaza
Empire Music Stores Bethesda, Sil. Spring
Country Music Warehouse: Gaithersburg
Record & Tape Ltd. 19th & L Sts.
Downtown Wash.
Orpheus Records 3225 M St., N.W.
Georgetown

Sponsored by The Advocate G.W.U. Law School
G.W.U. Presentation

The Folklore Society of Greater Washington
and the Smithsonian Div. of Performing Arts

Present a concert of
Scottish Folk Songs and Ballads
by

JEAN REDPATH

Saturday, January 27th 8:30 P.M.

Smithsonian Museum of Natural History

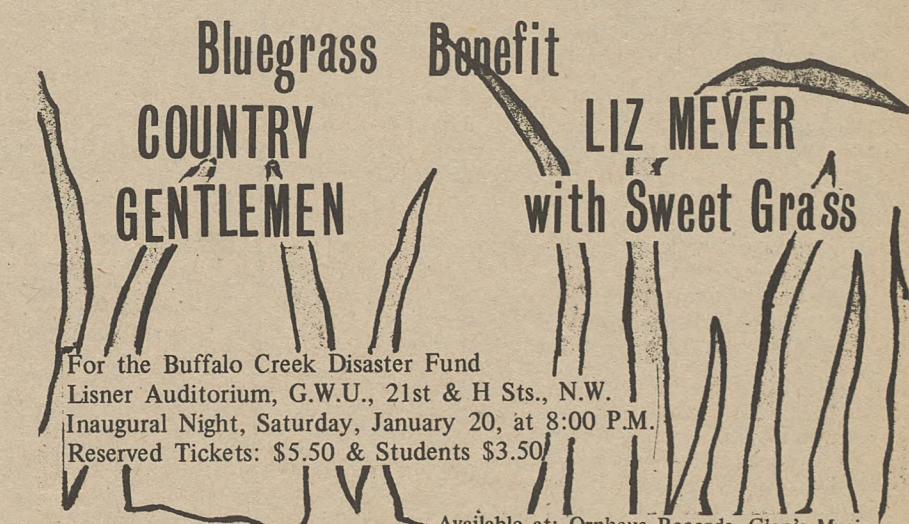
Admission \$3.00 FSGW Members \$1.50

Tickets available at the door or from:

Smithsonian Central Box Office
P.O. Box 14196
Washington, D.C. 20044

Ticket info.: 381-5395

FSGW info.: 894-4233



Available at: Orpheus Records, Glen's Music,
Learmont Records, The Cedar Post, Maggie's
Farm, and the box office.

Information & Reservations: 232-8888

CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

THE THEATER LISTINGS

GODSPELL, Ford's Theatre; thru Feb. 11
247-6260
FINISHING TOUCHES, Eisenhower Theatre, JFK; thru Feb 3
254-3670
NO SEX PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH, National Theatre
thru Jan. 29 NA8-3393
OUR TOWN, Arena Stage, thru Jan. 21
638-6700
BLACK IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, Back Alley Theatre,
723-2040
SENIOR PROM, O St. Theatre Club, thru Feb.
234-4949
TAMBOURINES TO GLORY, Black American Theatre
726-3800
MEDEA, Hartke Theatre, Catholic Univ., thru Jan. 21
529-3333
SHADE OF BLACK: "Portrait of a Black Woman" Aldridge
Theatre, Howard Univ., Jan. 17-21; 636-7700
TWO SAINTS, Center Stage, Baltimore; thru Jan. 28
(301) 685-5020
UPON THIS ROCK; D.C. Black Repertory Company,
thru Feb. 11; 291-2877
A PUBLIC PROSECUTOR SICK OF IT ALL, Kreeger
Theatre, Jan. 26 thru March; 638-6700
FORTY CARATS; Springfield Comm. Theatre, Jan. 19-Feb
Jan. 19 - Feb. 24; 431-7020
YEAR 56; Washington Performing Arts Society
254-3776
SKAZKI - "Two Russian Fairy Tales", Smithsonian Puppet
Theatre; 381-5395.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17

Birthday: Chris Montez
MUSIC
Mihaly Virizlay - celest with Balto. Symphony Orch;
Lyric Theatre; 8:30; (301) 727-7300
Merry Clayton & Jim Stafford; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Bobby Rydell; the Stardust; 843-6233
Liz Meyer & Sweet Grass; Childe Harold; 9pm-2am 483-6702
FILMS
Richard III; Outer Circle; 244-3116

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18

Birthday: Bobby Goldsboro
MUSIC
See January 17
FILMS
A Night in Casablanca & Copacabana; Biograph; 333-2696
Richard III (see Jan. 17)

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19

Birthdays: Phil Everly, Desi Arnez, Jr.
MUSIC
Informal, free concert featuring a pianoforte built in Balto.
in the 1800's; Arlington House, Arl. Cemetery; 2-4pm
Neil Young, Balto. Civ. Ctr; 8pm; (301) 685-7282
Merry Clayton; (see Jan. 17)
Bobby Rydell (see Jan. 17)
The Splendor of Venice; Nat'l Presbyterian Church; 8:30
\$4.50-\$3.50, Students \$1.50; 942-3759
FILMS
A Night in Sasablanca & Copacabana (see Jan. 18)
Claire's Knee & Bed and Board; Circle; 337-4470
Summer of '42 & Billy Jack; Queen Anne Fine Arts Aud.,
Pr. George's Comm. College; 8pm; \$1.50 336-6000X397
Richard III (see Jan. 17)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20

Birthdays: Geo. Grantham (Poco), Eric Steard (Mindbenders)
MUSIC
Merry Clayton & Jim Stafford (see Jan. 17)
Bobby Rydell (see Jan. 17)
Country Gentlemen, Liz Meyer & Sweet Grass; benefit for
Buffalo Creek Disaster Fund; Lisner Aud. 8:00 pm
INAUGURAL BALLS - various points about town.
FILMS
(see January 19)
EVENTS
American Indian Crafts Fair, Kay's Krafts, 121 S. St., Old
Towne, Alexandria; 9-5; 6837411

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21

Birthdays: Nils Lofgren, Richie Havens

MUSIC

Miriam Burton, soprano; Cathedral Concert Series; 5200
N. Charles St., Balto; 5:30; (301) 433-8800
Preservation Hall Jazz Band; Goucher College, Towson,
8:30pm; (301) 825-3300
Hootenanny; Cellar Door - live on WGTB-FM, 90.1

FILMS

A Night in Casablanca & Copacabana (see Jan. 18)
Claire's Knee and Bed and Board (see Jan. 19)
A Star is Born; AFI at JFK; 7:30; 785-4600
Caesar & Cleopatra; Outer Circle; 244-3116

EVENTS

The Alvin Ailey Am. Dance Theatre; JFK; 2:30 & 8:00
393-4483

MONDAY, JANUARY 22

MUSIC

Phil Flowers; Stardust; 843-6233
David Steinberg; Cellar Door 337-3389
Theatre Chamber Players; Washington Theatre Club; 8:30
\$2-\$4; 466-8860

FILMS

I'm No Angel & Six of a Kind; Biograph; 333-2696
Claire's Knee & Bed and Board (see Jan. 19)
Caesar & Cleopatra (see Jan. 21)

EVENTS

Marcel Marceau; JFK; 8:00
Lecture - "The White House" by Clement Conger; Md. Hist.
Soc. 8:15; (301) 685-3750
Reading - John Hawkes, novelist; Folger Theatre; 8pm
free; 546-4800

TUESDAY, JANUARY 23

Birthdays: Jim Rado (Hair), Jerry Lawson, (Persuasions),
Bill Cunningham (Box Tops)

MUSIC

Phil Flowers (see Jan. 22)
David Steinberg & Chris Gantry (see Jan. 22)

FILMS

The River Nile; Enoch Pratt Free Library, Balto; 2-pm
(301) 685-6700
I'm No Angle & Six of a Kind (see Jan. 22)
Le Boucher & The Touch; Circle Theatre; 337-4470
Caesar & Cleopatra (see Jan. 21)

EVENTS

Marcel Marceau (see Jan. 22)

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24

Birthdays: Neil Diamond, Ray Stevens

MUSIC

Phil Flowers (see Jan. 22)
David Steinberg & Chris Gantry (see Jan. 22)

FILMS

I'm No Angel & Six of a Kind (see Jan. 22)
Le Boucher & The Touch (see Jan. 23)
Caesar & Cleopatra (see Jan. 21)

EVENTS

Marcel Marceau (see Jan. 22)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25

Died: Al Nevins

MUSIC

Phil Flowers (see Jan. 22)
David Steinberg & Chris Gantry (see Jan. 22)
Liz Meyer & Sweet Grass Childe Harold; (see Jan. 18)

FILMS

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex... &
Amos + Andy & Father Knows Best; Biograph; 333-2696
Le Boucher & The Touch (see Jan. 23)
Caesar & Cleopatra (see Jan. 21)

EVENTS

American College Theatre Regional Festival; "The White
House Murder Case" by the U. of Md.; at Pr. Geo's
Comm. Coll. Largo; 8pm; \$2.50; (301) 454-5497
Lecture on opera - "Un Ballo in Maschera"; Arl. Co.
Public Library; 2pm; free; 558-2161

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26

Birthdays: Huey "Piano" Smith, Jimmy Van Heusen,
Ertha Kitt

MUSIC

Balto. Symphony - Classical Favorites; Lyric Theatre
8pm; (301) 727-7300
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, all Brahms program;
JFK; 8:30; 254-3776
Phil Flowers (see Jan. 22)
David Steinberg & Chris Gantry (see Jan. 22)

Jimmy Dawkins Blues Band; Performing Arts Theatre;
8:30; 381-5495
Spectrum; Johns Hopkins U.; 7pm; (301) 654-6000
Liz Meyer & Sweet Grass (see Jan. 25)

FILMS

Everything you Always Wanted to Know About Sex...;
Amos & Andy & Father Knows Best (see Jan. 25)
The Go-Between & Drive, He Said; Circle; 337-4470
2001: A Space Odyssey; Johns Hopkins U. 7pm;
(301) 654-6000

EVENTS

ACT Regional Festival - "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui"-
By Georgetown U. Mask & Bauble; (see Jan. 25)
Balley; JFK; 8pm; 387-5544

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27

Birthdays: Nick Mason (Pink Floyd), Bobby Blue Bland,
David Seville, Nedra Talley (Ronettes)

MUSIC

Jean Redpath - Scottish folksinger; Smithsonian Museum
of Nat'l Hist; 8:30; \$3.00
Opera Concert - Opera Theatre of No. Va.; Kenmore Jr. H.S.
Arlington; 8pm; \$3, Students \$1.50, 558-2161
Phil Flowers (see Jan. 22)
David Steinberg & Chris Gantry (see Jan. 22)
Liz Meyer & Sweet Grass (see Jan. 25)
Stan, Marcus & Friends - folk/rock with films; Grace Church
8:30-midnight

FILMS

The Devils; Queen Anne's Aud., Pr. Geo's Comm. Coll.; 8pm;
336-6000X397
Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Amos
& Andy, Father Knows Best (see Jan. 25)
The Go-Between & Drive, He Said (see Jan. 26)

EVENTS

ACT Regional Festival - "The Sty of the blind Pig" by
Howard U.; (see Jan. 25)
American Indian crafts (see Jan. 20)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28

Birthdays: Billy Wolf (Rowan Bros.), Richard Wright (Pink
Floyd), Brian Keenan (Chambers Bros.), Rick Allen (Box
Tops), Acker Bilk, Artur Rubinstein.

MUSIC

Robert Twynham, organist; Cathedral Conert Series;
(see Jan. 21)
The Dorian Woodwind Quintet; Balto. Museum of Art; 3pm
(301) 889-1735
Doc Watson and Son & The Seldom Scene; GWU Lisner Aud.
7:30; \$5.50 Students \$3.50; 654-6000
Hootenanny (see Jan. 21)

FILMS

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Amos
& Andy, Father Knows Best (see Jan. 25)
The Go-Between & Drive, He Said (see Jan. 26)
Dinner at Eight & Heller in Pink Tights; AFI at JFK; 7:30
785-4600
My Fair Lady; AFI at JFK; 2:00; 758-4600

EVENTS

ACT Regional Festival; "Antigone" by Gallaudet Coll.
See Jan. 25)

MONDAY, JANUARY 29

Birthday: Ron Townshend (5th Dimension)

MUSIC

Jimmy Smith; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Ronnie Dove; Stardust; 543-6233
St. Louis Symphony Orchestra; JFK; 8:30; \$3.75-\$5.75;
254-3600

FILMS

The Old Fashioned Way & Mississippi; Biograph; 333-2696
Go-Between & Drive, He Said (see Jan. 26)

EVENTS

Mass Transit Poetry Project - all invited to read or listen
upstairs at the Community Bookshop, 2028 P St. 8pm
Third Occasional Art Show, Secondup Gallery, 2028 P St.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30

Birthdays: Marty Balin (Airplane), Steve Marriot (Humble
Pie), Ruth Brown, Horst Jankowski, **1st Jazz record
cut by Columbia: "Darktown Strutters Ball" - 1917, NYC

MUSIC

Sophie Jacamoudi, pianist; Peabody Conservatory of Music;
6:30, (301) 837-0600
Jimmy Smith (see Jan. 29)
Ronnie Dove (see Jan. 29)

FILMS

Off the Beaten Track in Israel & Shalom of Safed, the
Innocent Eye of a Man of Galilee; Enoch Pratt Free
Library; Balto.; 2pm; (301) 685-6700